

T H E  
**REMONSTRANCE.**

A  
P O E M.

THE SECOND EDITION.

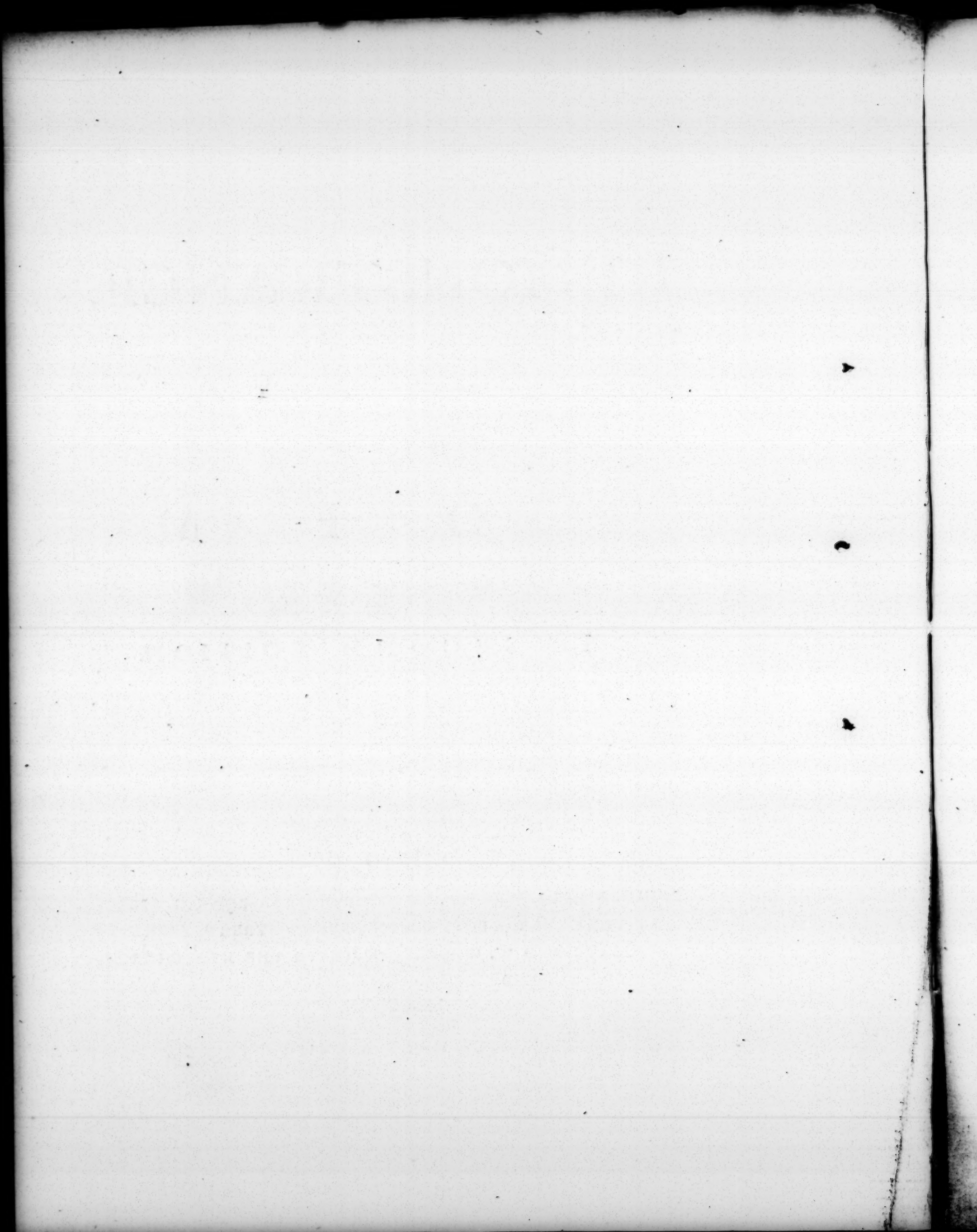


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THE

REMONSTRANCE.

**D**ELUDED Britons! can you then suppose  
The patriot's fire in modern bosoms glows;  
Can you believe that WILKES's impious mind,  
With ROMAN virtue suffers for mankind;  
Or that a callous, blustering, proud CRIOLE,  
Bred in an isle that *brutifies* the soul,

B

Where

Where trade rapacious thwarts kind nature's plan,  
 And founds it's riches on enslaving man——  
 ——That BECKFORD, in old age, disdains repose,  
 Impelled to action by our country's woes ;  
 That he, for freedom wakes his daily cares,  
 Remonstrates at the throne, treats, drinks, and swears ;  
 Then dreams, at night, a bloody tyrant reigns,  
 And hears fell hammers forging England's chains ?

In such delirium, waking Britons dream ;  
 Pretended patriotism is all their theme.  
 Mistaken men ! the patriot's hallowed name  
 Is not a tribute due to modern fame ;  
 It is not applicable in our age ;  
 'Tis only proper in an ancient page.  
 Weigh well the characters of those you praise,  
 The luxury view of these degenerate days,

Which



Which all the mind with selfish objects fills,  
 Imagined goods, or as fantastic ills ;  
 Which proves the ruin of a nation nigh,  
 As tapers glare, and play before they die :  
 Then say, who watches o'er the publick weal,  
 Intent alone his country's wounds to heal ?

Read Man's analysis in Rochefoucault ;  
 And then the source of human deeds you'll know ;  
 Self, the grand mover, in each age, you'll find,  
 The spring elastic that impells the mind.  
 In various ways it prosecutes it's aim ;  
 But the strong principle is still the same.

If virtue is the happy publick mode,  
 Self seeks it's bliss in virtue's thorny road.

How

How could a subject of the SPARTAN laws,  
Be happy to betray his country's cause ;  
When every member of the simple state,  
Only by publick service could be great ;  
When institution fixed the generous thought,  
Example urging still what precept taught ?  
To gratify self-love, the Spartan plan  
Was, to new-mould the common frame of man ;  
The luxury of ASIA to defy,  
And pass her wealth with unretorted eye ;  
To make firm courage keep a noble strife  
Against the tortured principles of life ;  
Grave, when at home, the youth ; but on the day  
Of dreadful combat, crowned with flowers and gay ;  
Of fear, and pain, the empire to disown,  
And wear a smile when others heaved a groan.

But



But would you now in LONDON seek to thrive ?  
 Write in the style of number Forty-five ;  
 Your boundless freedom to the throne apply ;  
 And give, for publick peace, your King the lye.  
 With timely impulse work the civil tide ;  
 Your bark, at anchor, would unnoticed ride.  
 And if a jail augments your high renown  
 (Now a mere jail confers the civic crown)  
 To prove you're guiltless of imputed crimes,  
 Take all advantage of the feverish times ;  
 Some artful insult on a statesman throw,  
 To gain more friends by making him your foe ;  
 To render courtiers odious to the land ;  
 For generous freedom justly spurns command.

The Bill-of-Rights-man, rising from the chair,  
 Foams, and assumes a wild, Quixotic air ;

And still attentive less to things than sounds,  
He cries—"Great Liberty should have no bounds."

Nor yet be stinted to this little sphere ;  
Let not our earth confine thy vast career ;  
Be it the study of thy private hours,  
To plan a war with the celestial powers ;  
Like MILTON's devil, scale high Heaven's abode,  
And point thy cannon at the throne of God :  
Against thy Maker be thy thunder hurled ;  
And let it blast the Saviour of the world..

Religion ! source of every ill below !  
Thou hindereft freedom's holier flame to glow.  
True, thou wast fit in Gothic times to reign,  
When man untutored clanked thy galling chain ;

But



But Reason's better laws we now revere ;  
Observe our manners, and the truth is clear.

Can we religion's musty rules apply,  
Or when we palm the card, or cog the die ?  
Surely we may, without religion's aid,  
Distinguish basto from the murdering spade :  
Sure we may know, without the priestly tribe,  
When to withhold, and when to give the bribe :  
How for the turf to train the fiery steed,  
How in a duel gallantly to bleed.  
Without a priest, the spirit of Champagne  
Would surely tingle in the throbbing vein :  
Religion quells mirth's animating roar,  
And dims the beauties of a charming whore.

Religion.

Religion damps the patriot's mighty soul ;  
 It's frigid rules his ardent views controul ;  
 It is a modest, sneaking, servile thing ;  
 It bids us pay some homage to a King ;  
 Subjects to order an expanded mind,  
 Born the high legislator of mankind.  
 The patriot soars, in urging his great cause,  
 Above all civil, and all sacred laws.  
 Should freedom's weal the hardy deed require,  
 'Tis his to set the trembling globe on fire :  
 Then, phenix-like, he'd from his ashes rise,  
 Grasp all his honours, and assert the skies ;  
 O'erturn the adamant throne above,  
 And reign the better substitute of Jove.

This rant will Freedom's sons presume to blame ?  
 This rant, and mad MACAULAY's are the same.

And



And yet there was a time, nor long ago  
 (Strange ! on a sudden how improved we grow !)  
 When in religion's walks the wisest trod,  
 And in their Bible read the hand of God.  
 LOCKE, who the mind's whole operation saw,  
 Was a firm patron of the christian law.  
 NEWTON, whose more than mortal ken could trace  
 The chain of nature through unmeasured space ;  
 By sacred rules was yet content to bind  
 The moral workings of his mighty mind ;  
 Saw, that the God, who bade the planets roll,  
 Must mark an orbit for the human soul ;  
 That he, who out of darkness, called the light,  
 Through the vast concave drives the comet's flight,  
 Consistent with his universal plan,  
 Gave laws to fix the vagrant will of man.

Religion, with her smiling, godlike mien,  
 A BENSON kept in agony ferene ;  
 From a vain world great BERKLEY gently stole,  
 And shed Heaven's gleam on BUTLER's parting soul.

While to my publisher, who claims a right  
 To circumscribe the muse's heedless flight,  
 I read my manuscript, with anxious air,  
 The judge reclining in his easy chair ;  
 He drops attention, and begins to fret ;  
 Fear for his interest puts him in a sweat :  
 At length he rises, walks about the room ;  
 His face Cenforian speaks the poet's doom :  
 " Zounds, Sir, he cries, a string of pious rhymes,  
 " Is not adapted to these polished times ;  
 " If you proceed such holy tales to tell,  
 " I'll bet my head your pamphlet will not sell."

My



My friend, you shall not check my conscious flame ;  
I do not write for momentary fame.

And you, great JOHNSON, to your latest breath,  
Shall find your ruling object strong in death ;  
Such in those moments as in all the past,  
“ Receive thy votary, Heaven,” shall be your last.  
Thou nobly singular, immortal man !  
Whom nought could e'er divert from virtue's plan !  
The cruel straits, with genius oft at strife,  
Which make a feeling nature sick of life ;  
A mortal stab to fine existence give,  
And kill the man who should for ever live ;  
Thy steady purpose never could controul,  
Nor check one vigorous effort of thy soul.  
Thy glorious purpose didst thou still sustain,  
And fortune frowned, and envy snarled in vain.

Can

Can the dim taper supersede the day?

Can buzzing myriads hide the solar ray?

Ah! no: these objects hardly meet the sight;

As VENUS dwindles on returning light.

Never wilt thou retain the hoarded store,

In virtue affluent, but in metal poor;

Thou feelest, oft, the sympathy of grief,

And oft thy hand extends the kind relief:

The tears of orphans melt thee as they roll;

The widow's misery shakes the sage's soul.

Thy honest censure, and thy honest praise,

Perhaps ill suit our false, and polished days;

Timid politeness says thou art severe;

But simple virtue loves the tongue sincere.

Say,



Say, to a blockhead, is it love, or spite,  
 To mortify him ne'er again to write ;  
 To rescue from his own aerial views,  
 A solitary man without a muse ?

Great is thy prose ; great thy poetic strain ;  
 Yet to dull coxcombs are they great in vain.  
 When weak opponents would thy strength defeat,  
 Thy words, like babbling parrots, they repeat ;  
 But mixed with theirs, the vigour all is fled,  
 The letter living, but the spirit dead :  
 Their want of powers these insects will not see ;  
 Bombast in them, is the sublime in thee.  
 Say, should a swain a royal mandate bear ?  
 Say, should a dwarf the warrior's plumage wear ?  
 Poorly a GARRICK, HOLLAND strove to show,  
 In frantic terror, or in plaintive woe.

At length thy Sovereign gave his bounteous aid  
 To worth sequestered in the private shade.  
 Pensions, thus fixed, an equal honour bring  
 To the deserving subject, and the King:  
 Yet at thy pension rave the callous tribe,  
 Who bluster only to obtain a bribe.  
 Must pensions always honesty discard?  
 Should merit never meet it's just reward?  
 " Pensioner JOHNSON," bawls the venal knave:  
 But has thy conduct marked thee for a slave?  
 Find in the man some more material flaw;  
 Nor public guilt from public honour draw.  
 The throb of virtue is to them unknown;  
 And hence they form thy image from their own.  
 Keen in their breasts the lust of gold they feel;  
 For gold they would destroy the public weal;

Shake



Shake o'er the land oppression's iron rod,  
Betray their father, and blaspheme their God.

Go on, heroic man ! thy fettering fun  
Will sink, majestic, as thy race begun ;  
A favourite, thou, of Heaven, and of the Nine ;  
Through BRITAIN'S latest ages born to shine :  
Heedless of censure, when for justice warm,  
And from thy conscience flowed the FALSE ALARM.

Oh ! may the poet thy example fire,  
And make me moderate each vain desire !  
For worth like thine, maintain the noble strife,  
Praise it in verse, and rival it in life ;  
Fixed on great objects, earthly toys forego,  
And feel that virtue shuts out every woe :

Attentive,

Attentive, still, to reason's gentle call,  
Mild, if I rise, and patient if I fall.

" Sir, says my publisher, you're mad—you dream ;"  
Return, then politicks, the favourite theme.

Patriots with nature sure are not at war ;  
Then let me patriots bring to nature's bar :  
For all his power the patriot seems to strain,  
To re-establish nature's easy reign ;  
Back to our native woods to make us go ;  
And sink into the savage of ROUSSEAU ;  
Acorns, and water, for a city-feast  
To change, and live the old, primæval beast.

The scheme is not mature ; there still are ties,  
Which even a patriot cannot well despise.

The



The Ties of father, children, husband, wife,  
Which nature closely binds in social life.

Were there on earth a barbarous miscreant found,  
Who should my mother's tenderest honour wound ;  
Wound, unprovoked, and with a Dæmon's lye,  
The seed of branching calumny supply ;  
Make her the theme of every poisoned tongue,  
The publick scandal, and the publick song :  
And should I, then, by filial torment pressed,  
Even plunge the dagger in his ruthless breast ;  
Would not a generous BRITON, in my cause,  
Lament the rigid sentence of the laws ?  
Where's the good man that would not mourn my death,  
And curse the fatal noose that stopped my breath ?

Say, gallant WILKES, what vengeance wouldst thou claim  
 Of him who should traduce thy daughter's fame?  
 Her growing praise to falsehood's taint should doom,  
 And blast her graces in their early bloom?  
 Thy soul's quick sense of injury I know,  
 It's eager warmth to meet the boldest foe;  
 Strait wouldst thou, hurried by the dire alarm,  
 Devote the slanderer to thy manly arm——  
 ——“ Draw, scoundrel; 'tis an injured father's call——”  
 ——My soul would triumph should the villain fall.

Envy not, foolish man, the pomp of Kings;  
 For little freedom from their station springs:  
 Few private joys the greatest Sovereign crown;  
 His ease the price he pays for high renown.  
 In a free country that mistakes it's fame,  
 Where impudence, and freedom are the same;

Say,



Say, must it's monarch only from his mind  
Root out the common feelings of mankind ;  
A mother's wrongs without emotion bear,  
Child of her pangs, chief object of her care ?  
No fure ; unerring nature takes his part ;  
And for his King bleeds every loyal heart.

And yet he cannot majesty forego ;  
He cannot meet, on equal terms, his foe ;  
He cannot, with the sword, avenge the deed ;  
He must not, for his honour, dare to bleed.

Full oft a delicate, yet weighty cause,  
Eludes the bounded reach of human laws ;  
Then oft our plea to equity we bring ;  
And shall not equity befriend a King ?

And

And should that King, the culprit I describe,  
 In spite of clamour from the lawless tribe,  
 Mark for an object of the royal frown,  
 And persecute his ill-acquired renown ;  
 Nay should he (say, would he commit a fault,  
 Or only do the very thing he ought ?)  
 Call power, where laws are wanting, to his aid,  
 Against a man for whom no laws were made ;  
 Him, whose black thoughts bright virtue never feel,  
 Exclude from sporting with the publick weal ;  
 Could we from thence have proper grounds to say,  
 Our monarch strove to take our rights away ?  
 Is WILKES our greatest good ; and must the fall  
 Of one bad man involve the fate of all ?

The rays of majesty shed round the throne  
 Blind not my view ; then, patriots, if I own,

The



The steady prudence of a sovereign failed,  
 By cruel provocation oft assailed ;  
 Let me humanity's mild suit prefer ;  
 TITUS, and TRAJAN, surely, both could err :  
 Kings are but men ; the truth, I thought, you knew ;  
 The truth, I thought, you ever kept in view.  
 Or, is your royal theory so strong,  
 That your ideal king can do no wrong ?

The danger in a different scene you'll find ;  
 Survey my picture with a patient mind.

There is a man, whom men of worth despise,  
 Who treads on private, and on publick ties ;  
 By whom sedition is diffusely sown,  
 Who, to enslave his country, saps the throne.

The prostituted favour of the times  
 Is his, however flagrant are his crimes :  
 The innocence of childhood lisps his name ;  
 And age grows vigorous while it hears his fame.  
 Anxious for him, the leaden country 'fquire,  
 Blunders the news, but feels the civil fire !  
 The muddy alderman inhales the theme ;  
 And catches all the patriotick dream ;  
 Struck with the wondrous tale, the gaping fool  
 Forgets to eat, and lets his turtle cool.

His broken fortune, ruined by excess,  
 The lavish hand is open to redress ;  
 His numerous wants the full supplies obtain,  
 Which modest worth may well despair to gain.  
 If he succeeds, our sinking glories rise ;  
 And if he fails, our boasted freedom dies.



Ask those whom calmness teaches truth to know ;  
Hence will they tell you our disorders flow ;  
Hence the black streams of civil discord spring ;  
Not from the faults of minister, or King.  
Licentiousness, to its full boldness grown,  
Imputes its dangerous projects to the throne.

BRITONS, the wounds of BRITAIN would you heal,  
Would you, indeed, consult the publick weal ;  
Would you abate your heat, and learn to know  
What to your country, to yourselves you owe ?  
The counsel's plain ; nor is it yet too late,  
From headlong ruin to preserve the state.

Bring yourselves back to reason's happy plan ;  
And then be patrons of the rights of man.

Your

Your present steps to sure destruction lead ;  
 For modern CROMWELLS who would seek to bleed ?  
 I shudder at the sacrilegious name ;  
 Though now the ruffian shines in virtuous fame.  
 Morals, like dress, are surely but a mode ;  
 In vain have sages pointed virtue's road.  
 POPE sung that CROMWELL was the nation's rod ;  
 That first of knaves is now proclaimed a God.  
 Conduct self-love, ne'er lost from human fight,  
 The principle which warms me while I write ;  
 Which, as we bid it's active current flow,  
 Brings families, and nations, bliss or woe.

Awhile from noise to calm retirement fly ;  
 Where nought deceives the ear, or mocks the eye.  
 Weigh well the actions of life's busy scene ;  
 And then you'll know what all those actions mean !

Know,



Know, that you urge, yourselves, the nation's fate,  
 Authors of all the violence you hate ;  
 That too severely royal deeds to scan,  
 Is to demand too much from mortal man ;  
 That a good king's mistakes we should espy  
 Not with severe, but with respectful eye ;  
 Mistakes, from which light evils will ensue,  
 Unless we hold them forth to publick view :  
 If we, for them, our king affront, and brave,  
 We stab the freedom which we mean to save.

SAWBRIDGE, and TOWNSHEND, pillars of the laws,  
 The GOG and MAGOG of the patriot-cause,  
 Will find the weakness of the poet here,  
 And read my verses with triumphant sneer.  
 " So then ; thou tool of a corrupted court,  
 " Hast thou but written to excite our sport ?

H

" Haft

" Hatt thou but written that each thinking mind

" The fallacy of thy defence might find ?

" The hireling poet in his venal rhymes

" Will call mistakes what honesty calls crimes,

" Crimes, after which, if suffered, we descry

" Despotic rule, and crouching slavery nigh."

Too far for argument my muse hath strayed ;  
Then naked truth, come boldly to my aid.

If supposition I exchange for fact ;

I say my sovereign erred not in one act ;

Save where benevolence his justice crossed,

Save that the king is in the father lost.

If calm reflection you'd reduce to life,  
Soon would they heal the wounds of publick strife.

Your



Your conduct to your hearts would be approved ;  
The laws in vigour, and your sovereign loved.

From freedom's genuine plan you wander far ;  
You take a meteor for a guiding star :  
Oh ! if you follow it's delusive ray,  
Ruin, and bloodshed mark your heedless way.  
While yet you fight the gaudy phantom charms,  
Think of the dire effects of civil arms——  
Of civil arms ! what horror do I feel,  
That to this monitor I must appeal !  
Remember CHALGRAVE'S, NASEBY'S, NEWBURY'S day,  
When only BRITONS perished in the fray ;  
The frantic mother, and the weeping fire,  
Virgins deflowered, and property on fire !

Con-

Conduct self-love—there the grand labour lies,  
 Self-love, the idol of the weak, and wife ;  
 Self-love, the Proteus of a thousand shapes ;  
 Bliss is it's end ; but oft our search escapes.  
 It bids a Presbyterian live on guile,  
 Bribe heaven with prayer, and murder with a smile.  
 It was in LATIMER to court the brand ;  
 It is in DOD, to wave a lily-hand ;  
 Pride, in the prelate, avarice in the cit,  
 And dear-bought fancy in the hapless wit.  
 It is, in JUNIUS, warmly to declaim,  
 Not for the state, but for a Roman name.  
 It is in W—K—s, to urge ambition's cause,  
 Be more than king, and mount above the laws :  
 In BECKFORD's dotage, in his big machine,  
 Westward to trail, to fright the king, and queen ;

The



The repercussion catch of publick air—

—“ Huzza, my boys! God save our great Lord Mayor.”

But, would you farther urge your glorious feats?  
Then drive king, lords, and commons from their seats;  
Find some Utopian model for the realm:  
And let your Palinurus take the helm;  
He'll spread your prowess to each distant shore;  
And greater be than CROMWELL was before,

I feel the glory of those halcyon days  
A theme too ample for poetic praise:  
Your bliss, amazed, shall distant countries view,  
And learn the art of government from you;  
Your virtuous fame shall o'er the world be borne;  
WILKES, your protector, and your primate, HORNE.

When these two jovial souls their festals keep,  
 Drink at St. James's, or at Malby's sleep,  
 C——M, be thine the vizier's active power,  
 Thy fultan yielding to the joyous hour.  
 WILKES, then, and you, shall drop your mutual hate,  
 And warmly join to tyrannize the state :  
 All harsh antipathy smooth interest blends,  
 And in a moment changes foes to friends.

C——M, who destitute of virtuous shame,  
 Still barter conscience for a statesman's fame ;  
 C——M, in whose incongruous life we find  
 A second ZIMRI, with a blacker mind ;  
 Who shows of man a melancholy scene,  
 With temperance lavish, with ambition mean ;  
 Adopts, as contradicting passions veer,  
 The patriot's boldness, or the courtier's leer ;



Fond of all praise, but that which virtue gives,  
 Detested, dreaded, and despised, he lives.

BRITONS, behold this man ! you see, in him,  
 Your country's praise is but your country's whim :  
 Oft he defies a nation's common sense,  
 Nor for his conduct deigns a fair pretence.  
 Now against German subsidies he bawls,  
 And bids our island trust her wooden walls :  
 But soon, in place, he drops his favourite theme ;  
 The torrent takes a new, retorted stream.  
 His former black he now converts to white ;  
 But still insists that he was always right ;  
 With matchless insolence a senate braves,  
 And all, in turn, except himself, are knaves.  
 Strange propositions hear him now advance ; —  
 — In German battles ~~we~~ we must conquer France ;

Who

Who proved, we ought not to transport, before,

Nor man, nor guinea, to the Belgic shore.

Thither, straight, thirty-thousand men are sent

By the new patron of the continent.

This man, self-contradicting, yet still wise,

To day declaims against the dire excise !

To-morrow tells us, with his usual brags,

We all are ruined, should the bill not pass.

Whirled by ambition's changeful, mad career,

With grateful sounds he lulls the publick ear ;

And in his rage for power, and for applause,

Dwells on the pleasing note, his country's cause.

The muse's full return his guilt shall meet ;

The muse pursues him to the calm retreat.

The



The quiet shades to him no comfort bring  
 There he's the same capricious, lordly thing.  
 We can, with ease, elude the public eye ;  
 But from ourselves we strive, in vain, to fly.  
 Hard is, with him, the poor domestick's fate,  
 Tyrant at home, as tyrant o'er the state.  
 One while he doats on luxury, and show,  
 The costly banquet, and the Tyrian glow ;  
 But soon he substitutes, for idle glare,  
 Extreme simplicity, and humble fare.  
 At home, as in the state, this motley man  
 Acts, as the maggot bites, without a plan ;  
 Now buys, now fells, now builds, and now pulls down ;  
 Now from obscurity he seeks renown ;  
 Now thinks the commoner's, the noblest sphere ;  
 And now he sinks, an ignominious peer ;

Now by the crowd, now by his king carest,  
Now all agree the Proteus to detest.

Heaven, whose paternal goodness we may trace,  
In all it's rigour to the human race,  
Inconstancy to genius oft assigns,  
To lower it's pride, and quell it's foul designs.  
Yet oft in C——m's instantaneous turns,  
Humour prevails not, but ambition burns.  
Once he seemed poor, but had a fraud at heart,  
And for his interest played a studied part.  
The trick succeeded; and the pensioned peer  
Holds from the crown three thousand pounds a-year.

Such art, but art more innocent we meet  
In the fly beggars stationed in the street.

Feigned



Feigned palsy shakes ; their beards to bushes grow,  
To multiply appearances of woe.

Can death's approach not break thy selfish dreams,  
Thy life a medley 'twixt too wide extremes?  
Ill dost thou quit the world's fantastic stage,  
In youth a BRITON, and a TURK in age.

Though sacrilege, in these degenerate days,  
Can prostitute to WILKES a patriot's praise,  
No bold encomiast C——M dares commend,  
Even faction blushes, finding him her friend.

F I N I S.

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